He winne our ancient right in France againe,
Or dye a ſouldier as I liu'd a King,
Glo. Short ſommers lightly haue a forward ſpring.

Enter young Yorke, Haſtings, Cardinall.

Buc. Now in good time, heere comes the Duke of *Yorke*,
Prin. *Richard* of *Yorke* how fares our noble brother:
Yor. Well my deare Lord: ſo muſt I call you now.
Prin. I brother to our griefe, as it is yours:
Too late hee died that might haue kept this title,
Which by his death hath loſt much maieſty,
Glo. How faires our couſen noble Lo. of *Yorke*.
Yor. I thanke you gentile vncle; O my Lord,
You ſaid that Idle weeds are faſt in growth;
The Prince my brother hath out growne me farre.
Glo. He hath my Lord.
Yor. and therefore is he idle?
Glo Oh my faire couſen I muſt not ſay ſo.
Yor. Then he is more beholding to you then I.
Glo. He may command me as my ſoueraigne,
But you haue power in me as in a kinſman.
Yor. I pray you vncle giue me this dagger.
Glo. My dagger little couſen with all my heart.
Prin. A begger brother?
Yor. Of my kind vncle that I know will giue
And being but a toy which is no gift, to giue,
Glo. A greater gift then that Ile giue my couſen.
Yor. A greater gift, O thats the ſword too it.
Glo. I gentle couſen were it light enough.
Yor: O then I ſee you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things youle ſay a begegr nay.
Glo. It is to weighty for your grace to weare.
Yor. I weigh it lightly were it heauier.
Glo. What would you haue my weapon little Lo.
Yor. I would that I might thanke you as you call me.
Glo. How? *Yor*, Little.
Prin. My L. of *Yorke* will ſtill bee croſſe in talke:
Vncle your grace knowes how to beare with him.
Yor, You meane to beare me, not to beare with me;
Vncle, my brother mockes both you and me,

Becauſe

Becauſe that I am little l
He thinkes that you ſhou
Buc. With what a ſharp
To mitigate the ſcorne he
He pretely and aptly taun
So cunning and ſo young
Glo. My Lo. wilt pleaſe
My ſelfe and my good co
Will to your mother, to i
To meet you at the Towe
Yor. What will yon goe
Prin. My Lord protector
Yor. I ſhall not ſleepe in
Glo. Why what ſhould
Yor. Marry my vncle *Cla*
My Granam told me he
Prin. I feare no vncles d
Glo. Nor none that liue,
Prin. And if they liue, I
But come my L. with a hea
Thinking on them, goe I v

Exeunt, Prin, Yor, H

Buc. Thinke you my Lo
Was not incenced by his
To taunt and ſcorne you
Glo. No doubt, no doub
Bold, quicke, ingenious for
He is all the mothers from
Buc. Well let them reſt:
Thou art ſworne as deeply
As cloſely to conceale wh
Thou knoweſt our reaſons
What thinkeſt thou, is it no
To make *William* L. *Haſtin*
For the inſtalment of this
In the ſeate royall of this fa
Cat. He for his fathers ſa
That he will not be wone t
Buc, What thinkeſt tho